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The ring goes north



lotr

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Chapter 1 by Joakim

Our story begins in a small village where nothing really happened. It was a slow life and had been like that for centuries but the people of the village wanted no more from life.

But powers beyond their village were plotting against each other...

Chapter 2 by intellikat



The people of the village knew this fact because the folk beyond the village had recently started a Wordpress blog where they frequently registered their complaints about the Kingdom and beyond.

"Not enough radishes. When they are in stock, prices are all ejaculated." (The writer probably meant "inflated")

"Foreigners keep coming to our town and sleeping with our women. Then they leave, and the women are impregnated with new-fangled ideas. We like the old ways. Stay away, foreigners! Especially Feldheim men!"

"West Nebross smells like dookv. Nebrossi are disgusting people!"

"The King in the North can suck it!" (there was an uploaded jpeg of the King caught mid-blink making him look a bit "special")

"Too many pigeons!"

"When are they going to c... year? Keep Daftish businesses out of Feldheim! Support local entrepreneurs!"

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"Skelbosh needs a reliable light-rail system NOW!"

"The men of Daffish Glen are all pudgy-humpers. When will they get with the times and realise women are independent and educated? We will have babies WHEN WE WANT TO! Not just during the full-moon festivals!"

Meanwhile, in our small village, things were peaceful and quaint. Not that the people of the village were behind the times, yet they had somehow been able to hold to the best of old traditions, and yet progress in the new. This was primarily due to the long-held mayorship of the wisest family in the village: the Burbough Clan.

It was a chill Autumn morning when Wilson Burbough stepped from his home and noticed the thin curling wisp of smoke rising on the horizon.

Chapter 3 by Florenceia



He climbed up onto the north tower, a huge library reaching and gazed down with a telescope following the blackened smoke to finally rest his eyes on a fire. The red flames devoured everything eating at houses and shops and people. The village closest to Dormanden had set aflame.

The Mayor called for his people to meet at the center of the village.

"Fire burns our alias and friends we must help them," he shouted.

"They burn because of this stupid revolution that's starting!" a person shouts from the crowd.

"Revolution?" asks the puzzled mayor.

"Yes, a revolution it's coming on the south wind." shouted another person.

"We must close the walls to protect us from this deadly revolt!" shouted yet another.

With a nod the mayor stepped off the podium and set the plan to work.

Though the village was wasn't very big it was surrounded by a stone wall in the north, east, and south. In the west lay an impenetrable forest, usually called the Infinite Woods. The walls protected 5 acres of farm land, the homes and shops of the villagers, and the villager's barns and stables.

The people were ready for the revolution.

Chapter 3 by Florenceia

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Mayor Wilson Burbough
wife Andretta was leading

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Isabelt Florencia
son, Pekker

"What is this about the walls being closed?" Andretta asked.

Wilson sighed. He knew he would have to explain this, as every detail of the political climate of Dormanden, to his quick-witted wife.

"The people are afraid of a revolution. They don't want the uprising occurring elsewhere to spread here."

"What kind of revolution?"

"Ahhh.... it seems that the kingdom is turning to fierce nationalism in these trying times. Daffish Glen has elected a ultra-conservative bellmeister, did you hear? He refuses to ring the bell more than three times and has put forward an effort to remove jangly-bits from the temples."

"I'm glad we don't have such folk in Dormanden."

"Even if we close the walls, ideas travel on the four winds, Andretta. This turmoil is coming to a head, and it won't be solved by isolating ourselves from the rest of the kingdom."

"What's a fegger?" asked Pekker, from behind his stone bowl.

"Where did you hear that word?!" said Andretta.

"Collid Mestbern said that feggars are taking away all the jobs at the mill. He said that feggars are making babies and want to do away with our ways in Dormanden. He said that feggars like to dance new-fangled jigs and listen to music with a syncopated beat, which the Satan approves of."

Wilson looked at his wife.

"Don't listen to Collid. And don't repeat that word again. It's not a nice word."

Pekker nodded.

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The next morning, Wilson [Login](#) or [Create new account](#) A beam of wood was being dropped into place to seal the entry to the village.

"Morning, Mayor," called Freddo Muckbits, whose thick arms were holding the beam in place with rough ropes hung from a makeshift pulley system above. "Feel like lending a hand?"

Wilson smiled and waved the offer off.

Suddenly, from the left, a commotion near the north fountain caught the men's attention.

There, sitting at the edge of the fountain pool sat a young man, tattered and bloodied. He was gesticulating madly and pointing toward the west.

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